witcht with the rogues company. If the raſcal haue not giuen mee medicines to make me loue him, Ile be hangd: it could not be elſe. I haue drunke medicines, *Poines*, *Hall*, a plague on you both. *Bardoll*, *Peto*, Ile ſtarue ere Ile rob a foot further: and 'twere not as good a deed as drinke, to turne true man, and to leaue theſe Rogues, I am the verieſt Varlet that euer chewed with a tooth: eight yardes of vneuen ground, is three ſcore and ten miles afoot with me: and the ſtony-hearted Villaines know it well enough, a plague vpon it, when theeues cannot be true one to another. *They whiſtle.*
Whew, a plague vpon you all, giue mee my Horſe, you rogues, Giue mee my Horſe, and bee hangd.

Prin. Peace ye fat guts, lie downe, lay thine eare cloſe to the ground, and liſt if thou can heare the tread of Trauellers.

Falſ. Haue you any leauers to lift me vp again being down? Zbloud, Ile not beare mine owne fleſh ſo far afoot againe for all the Coyne in thy Fathers Exchequer: what a plague mean ye to coltmee thus?

Prince. Thou lieſt, thou art not colted, thou art vncolted.

Falſ. I prethee good Prince *Hall*, helpe mee to my horſe, Good Kings ſonne.

Prince. Out you Rogue, ſhall I bee your Oſtler?

Falſ. Go hang thy ſelfe in thine owne Heire apparant Garters: if I be tane, Ile peach for this: and I haue not Ballads made on all, and ſung to filthy tunes, let a cup of Sacke be my poyſon: when ieſt is ſo forward, and afoot too, I hate it.

Enter Gads-Hill.

Gad. Stand. *Falſ.* So I doe againſt my will.

Poin. O tis our ſetter, I know his voice; *Bardol*, what newes?

Bar. Caſe yee, caſe ey; on with your Vizards, ther's mony of the Kings, comming downe the Hill, tis going to the Kings Exchequer.

Falſ. You lie, you rogue, tis going to the Kings Tauerne.

Gad. There's enough to make vs all.

Falſ. To bee hanged.

Prince. You foure ſhall front them in the narrow Lane. *Ned Poines* and I will walke lower; if they ſcape from your encounter, then they light on vs.

Peto.

Peto. But how many be they of th

Gad. Some eight or ten.

Falſ. Zounds, will they not rob v

Prince. What, a coward, Sir *Iohn*

Falſ. Indeed I am not *Iohn* of *Ga* no coward, *Hall*.

Prince. Well, weele leaue that to

Poy. Sirra *Iack*, thy horſe ſtands beh needeſt him, there thou ſhalt find hi

Falſ. Now cannot I ſtrike him if I

Prince. Ned, where are our diſguiſ

Poy. Heere hard by: ſtand cloſe.

Falſ. Now, my maſters, happy m man to his buſineſſe.

Enter the Trauellers

Tra. Come, neyghbor, the boy ſh the hill, weele walke afoote a while,

Theeues. Stay.

Falſ. Strike, downe with them, cu horeſon caterpillers I Bacon-fed knav downe with them, fleece them.

Tra. O, we are vndone, both we a

Falſ. Hang ye gorbellied knaues, a chuffes, I would your ſtore were heer knaues? yong men muſt liue, you are g iure you, yfayth.

Heere they rob them and bin the Prince, and Po

Prince. The theeues haue bound t thou and I rob the theeues, and go me be argument for a weeke, laughter fo for euer.

Poy. Stand cloſe, I heare them comm

Enter the theeues ag

Falſ. Come, my maſters, let vs ſhare day: and the Prince and Poynes bee theres no equity ſtirring, ther's no me than in a wild Ducke.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22286) LONDON, 1632 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (De.6.7